11-1959

SFAA & CSFA NEWS NOTES

The Santa Barbara Museum of Art's Biennial is exhibiting works by Seymour Locks, Hilda Levy, Mary Parker and Dorothy Brown.

Ann Van Kleeck has a sculpture show at Gump's Gallery.

From November 10th through December 5th, Clayton Pinkerton has a one-man show at the Everett Ellin Gallery in Los Angeles.

Frances Moyer is exhibiting at Vallejo Junior College.

Felicia Kaner is showing an oil painting in the 19th Chaffey Invitational Exhibition at Chaffey College in Ontario.

Fred Reichman has had a painting accepted in the 155th Annual Exhibition of American Oil Painting and Sculpture which is held jointly by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts & the Detroit Institute of Arts.

IBM Research Laboratory in San Jose is presenting an exhibition of serigraphs by Syd Fossum during November and December.

Mary Tift, advertising design instructor, has had a print accepted by the Boston Museum of Art's 12th Annual Print Exhibition.

Joel Smith is exhibiting at Station KPFA in Berkeley thru December 5th.

Anthony Tanner, of Cambridge University, will read the American History term papers. Although the English believe the inhabitants of this remote continent to be devoid of imagination, deficient in education, and defective in the disciplines of civilization, Mr. Tanner has detected among the natives what he styles "Literature", and, consequently has persuaded the British government to support his study of the subject. The CSFA term papers are part of the evidence which he will submit to prove his bizarre theory that the American revolution was not in fact a cultural abomination.

Hayward King has a one-man show at Spatsa Gallary.

Lucile Brokaw has a one-man show of collages, drawings & assemblages at the Esther Robles Gallery in Los Angeles.

BY
LOU SCHULTZ
& RICHARD MILLER

ON THE WINCHESTER PIKE

by: Richard Miller

A big man came slowly down the pike, limping, pausing every now and then to rest against one of the split-rail fences, to look at the wheat, August size, moving up the mountainside to the woods. He stopped at a brook, and soaked his blue army cap, and put it on again, the cool water from the cap mixing with the sweat of his face as he walked.

A tall boy stepped into the road in front of him, from out of the wheat, menacing with a shot gun.

"Watch out," the boy said, "I'm agoing to kill you."

"Reckon you could. I don't have no way to defend myself."

A flash and cloud of black powder smoke came and with it the black-powder smell of death, and the man sat in the ruts of the road, looking at the rail fence and the wheat beyond, farther away now than heaven. "That wasn't very kind of you boy," he said, watching the boy watch him, submitting at last to the pressing weight of death.

The boy stood there studying the man he had killed, finding memories in the animal details. The boy's look became reproachful. "Why'd you have to be here, instead of somewhere else.... Why'd you have to have them blue clothes on?" He turned and walked away, leaving the man lying in the musket-ha d wagon ruts, feeling the weight for the first time, leaving boyhood behind.---

Christmas Sale of Work

PAINTINGS DRAWINGS SCULPTURE PRINTS
CERAMICS PHOTOGRAPHS

STUDENTS WISHING TO HAVE WORK SOLD AT THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SALE SHOULD HAVE DRAWINGS, PRINTS, & PHOTOS MATTED, AND PAINTINGS ARE TO HAVE WOODEN STRIPS. DEADLINE IS SATURDAY, DEC. 5TH, IN STUDENT COUNCIL ROOM, 12 NOON.

UNTITLED

Install here the grades and panoplies
The musician's lights here
Engrave everywhere ridiculous figures
Enviable in their traits
Absurd and pure

Fasten the flowers the great birds
Alongside the decorous dancers
And from their hollow dresses
Near the breasts with their strange virtue
And their nonchallant address

Throw down by the armful all the fragile statues
On the stones so sure of themselves
To unchain joy
To compose an involuntary world
Tender and solid
Where one stumbles in plain daylight.

Where am I I would like to stay
The least white line
Next to the black mark
The lamp for the seer

An albino
Under the kisses of color
Discovers his defeated glance
His candor
A variegated crown
Of violets roses
Of fading goldenrod

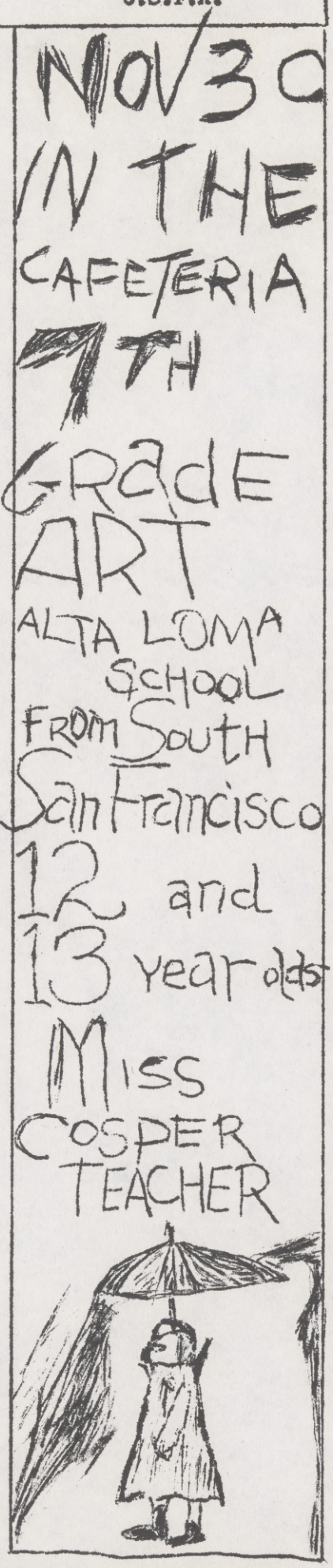
He had a taste for other decors
With a clarity less reassuring
Many small hands brought close
Under a pale shrub
A flooring of innocent paumes
Touch the hands to touch all
Without leaving a trace

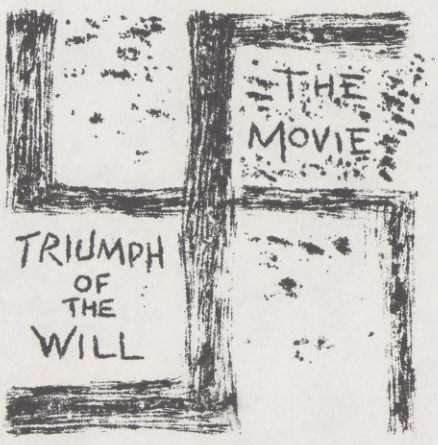
Why so many concerns
Ransack the droplets of water
The grains in tatters
Ransack the prodigious hands
Prudence is only a game found
On the table of children

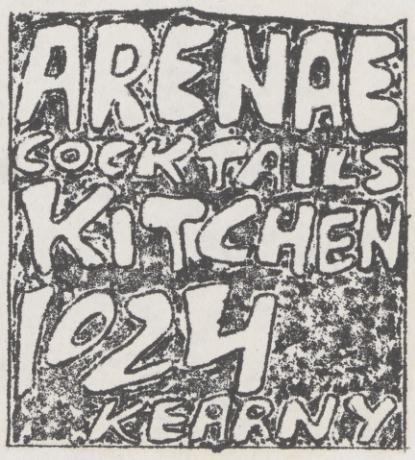
The slow arabesques of chest and of lips
The wrinkles of echo
Last resort of words
Amongst the noises of hills

Night without allure
Great workers of ruins
Executioner come from solitary Isles

- Jill St. John







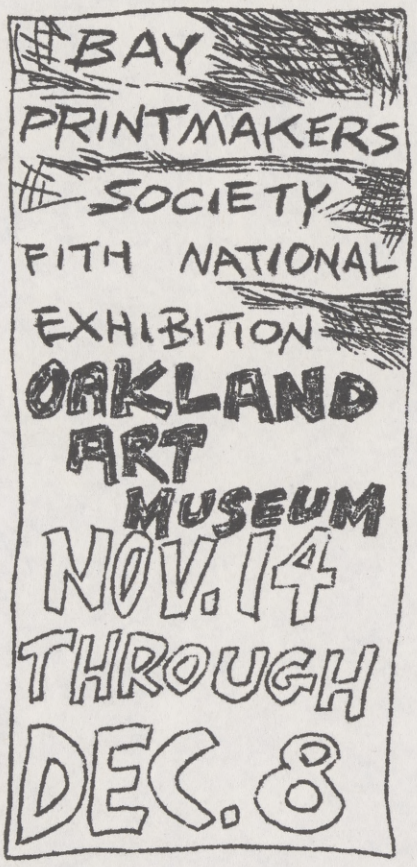
TOWER

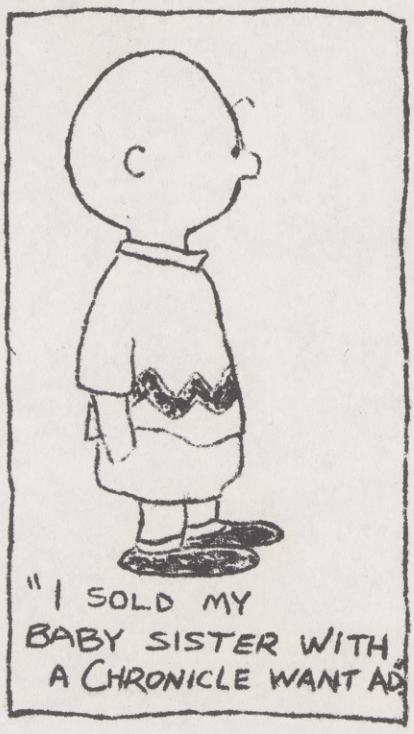
NOVEMBER 25, 1959

T O W E R is mimeographed monthly by students at the California School of Fine Arts, 800 Chestnut Street, San Francisco 11, California.

EDITOR:
Al O'Shaughnessy

ASSISTANTS:
Jill St. John
Fran Herndon
K. Fenstermaker





Applications are available in the office for the San Francisco Drawing, Print, and Watercolor Show. Please feel free to submit work to these Annuals. Also notice that the Richmond and Oakland Museums have them too. They are open to any resident of the United States.

Have discovered that many students are still unaware of the school store. Art supplies can be purchased at a reasonable discount here. Located on the level below the painting studios. Hours at night: 6:45-7:30 pm.

Would the night school students please put their 'beefs' and compliments, if any, in the Tower box under the bulletin board. We would like very much to know what you think about the school and what courses you are interested in taking. Are there any courses which you feel should be part of the night schedule which are not offered this year?

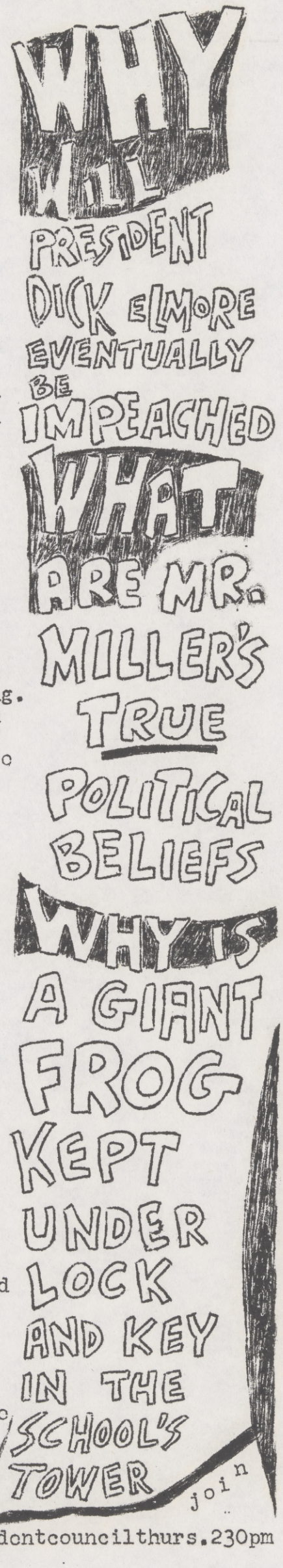
Anyone interested in selling work such as pots, cards, prints, drawings, watercolors and small oils, please contact me. If I am not available at night, call Tuxedo 5-4005 after 10 pm. Must have work by Dec. 2nd.

Showing at the Studio Theatre 2436 Telegraph in Berkeley, December 1st - 6th, two good movies, Clouzot's Le Mystere; Picasso's in color, and a short on Leonardo Da Vinci, narrated by Lawrence Olivier.

Thank you, John, for the soup, but there is not enough to go around. Can we have more snails, please, and I don't mean chiocciolas.

The S.F.A.A. Gallary is open every school night. Take advantage of this opportunity to see some of the work being done in this area.

NIGHT SCHOOL SALLY



overgoing

he wanted good
to enclose him constantly
like a wall of steel
keeping out all wickedness
and he was alone and good

like a fortress it protected him
he looked across the fence
outside reigned all the badness
among the dying and crying
voices called - people ran

a year of joy turned to loneliness
his thoughts were pure stress
some trembled and cried for help
he watched anger and angered
he would go there amongst them

squinted eyes greeted him
iron grip held his hands
a soft voice murmured his name
they greeted the weather
the beautiful day

LEON H. SARSOZO

THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS
580 PACIFIC AVE.
dinners wines coffees

SUDS, PIZZA AND A VIEW OF THE SIDE-WALK
BEER KEG
COLUMBUS & CHESTNUT

FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT AWARE

UTOPIA HAS A GOLF COURSE;
JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND IT DOESN'T MEAN ITS DEEP;
CARLA MOSS WON 1ST PLACE IN THE RICHMOND ANNUAL IN PAINTING, BILL WILLEY, 2ND PLACE. AL LIGHT 1ST PLACE IN SCULPTURE. NEIL WILLIAMS & CARLOS VILLA, HONORABLE MENTIONS IN PAINTING;
DENNY IS NOT JERRIE'S FATHER;
YOU CANNOT ACHIEVE LARGE BLACK AREAS ON A MIMEOGRAPH STENCIL;
THERE IS NO SCHOOL NOV. 26TH & 27TH
TOWER NEEDS PROSE & POETRY, PLUS ONE GOOD TYPEWRITER.

A·O'S